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SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1910.

THE COLONEL AFTER "CORRUPTION."

The Colonel is still in hot pursuit of a suspicious character who has been travelling in the West under the name of Corruption; but it is feared that the noise of the chase has already made the old rascal double on his trail and that while the Colonel is riding furiously in the West the game is escaping into the East. What the Colonel would do with him if he caught him nobody, not even the Colonel, knows; but, if what the papers say about him be true, the Colonel would find that he has met the scoundrel before. Says the New York World:

"When Mark Hanna died, when Matt Quay died and when Henry C. Payne died, Mr. Roosevelt wrote in unqualified terms of praise of notorious political corruptionists.

"On October 8, 1906, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to 'My Dear Sherman,' after Mr. Sherman had been refused a campaign contribution by E. H. Harriman, and violently assailed Mr. Harriman, who two years before by personal invitation of Mr. Roosevelt had gone to the White House to confer about the political situation in New York and immediately afterward had raised $260,000 for the Republican National Committee for use in this State. Speaking of the use made of this fund in the last days of the campaign of 1904, Mr. Harriman later said that 'at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone for Roosevelt, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result.'

"How much money was secretly raised by the corporation members of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet and their plutocratic allies from the meat trust, the Standard Oil Trust and the railroads for Mr. Roosevelt's political benefit in the campaign of 1904?"

"Startled by the thought that, we may fall into the hands of this braggart in whom self-seeking is so finely blended with hypocrisy," the New York Evening Post declares that "this champion of purity, this roarer for political virtue, is the man who was for years, when in public life, hand in glove with the worst political corruptionists of his day; who toadied to Platt, who praised Quay, who paid court to Hanna; under him as President, Aldrich rose to the height of his power, always on good terms with Roosevelt; it was Roosevelt who, in 1906, wrote an open letter urging the re-election of Speaker Cannon, against whom mutterings had then begun to rise; it was Roosevelt who asked Harriman to come to the White House secretly, who took his money to buy votes in New York, and who afterwards wrote to 'My Dear Sherman—yes, the same Sherman—reviling the capitalist to whom he had previously written saying: 'You and I are practical men.' If Roosevelt is the great cincher of crooks, why didn't he cinch them when he was shaking hands with them?"

Commenting upon the Colonel's furious threat, "I will make the corporations come to time," the Evening Post is cruel enough to ask: "Did he not really mean that he would make them come down with the cash to elect him, as he did before?" Continuing, the Evening Post says:

"For a man with Mr. Roosevelt's proved record, it is simply disgusting humbug for him to rant about the corporations, upon whose treasurers he fawned when he was President and wanted their money for his campaign. Does he think that nobody has a memory which goes back to the life insurance investigation, and that everybody has forgotten the $50,000 taken from widows and orphans and added to Theodore Roosevelt's political corruption fund? Did he not take a big check from the Beef Trust, and glad to get it? And now he is going to make the corporations come to time! One can have respect for a sincere radical, for an honest fanatic, for an agitator or leveller, who believes that he is doing God's will; but it is hard to be patient with a man who talks big but acts mean, whose eye is always to the main chance politically, and who lets no friendship, no generosity, no principle, no moral scruple, stand for a moment between himself and the goal upon which he has set his overmastering ambition."

The Denver News, while admitting that from the Colonel has "emanated a spirit of revolt against injustice," reminds him that "reform did not begin with him" and "will not end with him." "One of the great troubles which his intelligent admirers have fuond with Colonel Roosevelt as a reformer," says this representative journal of the far West, "has been his ardent assumption that he is 'reform.' If he supports Lodge, the standpatter, in Massachusetts, there is reform; if he aids Stanton, the Southern Pacific candidate in California, there also is reform. And let him who doubts stand condemned. It has all been personal with him."

These are not pleasant things to say about anybody, and particularly about the man who is spoken of as "the greatest living American," and who was acclaimed in Norway as superman. But they are all true. The man who declaims against the crooks was cheek-by-jowl with them when he was in office. The man who shakes the earth with his mighty tread against the enemies of the people was put in office three times by these very same agencies. Why not be honest about it? Why not tell the truth? It was Abraham Lincoln who said something the Colonel would do well to remember: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

OUGHT TO CATCH HIM THIS TIME.

"You must attack a man because he is crooked." That is what the Colonel said in one of his speeches the other day. About the time he was delivering himself of this flatulent period, the cable was bringing from London the statement that a correspondent of the London Daily News charged that "the origin of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's famous suggestion for a European peace league, made at Christiania during his recent tour of Europe, was a memorandum prepared upon the subject by the King of Italy, which the King asked Colonel Roosevelt to convey to Emperor William of Germany." We hope that the Colonel will catch him this time.

"BROAD STREET" AND "MAIN STREET."

"J. W. E." is wholly right in his suggestion that we should make all we can out of our historic marks. He would have the name of "Broad Street" changed to "Powhatan Avenue," and the name of "Main Street" changed to "Pocahontas Avenue." He would also have "Chimborazo Park" called "Bloody Run Park," because at that very point the F. F. V.'s administered final and crushing defeat to the aborigines from whom this fair region was won in fair combat. These changes would cost nothing, and they would have the effect of preserving some of our ancient landmarks.

Hundreds of towns and so-called cities in this country have "Main Streets" and "Broad Streets," but no other town or city would have the right that Richmond has of calling one of its principal thoroughfares "Powhatan Avenue" and another of its streets "Pocahontas Avenue." Probably some returning soldier from Mexico named "Chimborazo," but there is no fitness in the name applied to anything in Richmond, any more than if the name should be given to a high place in Dante, pronounced Dant, or in Herndon, or Culpeper, or Orange, or Farmville, whereas, the name of "Bloody Run Park" would instantly attract attention and inquiry.

There is a "Broad Street" in Augusta, Georgia, so named because it is broad, just as our Broad Street is broad, and a great deal handsomer than the big road in the Georgia town. Columbia, South Carolina, has a "Main Street," because that was the only street in the town until the skyscraper was built a few years ago, and there is a Main Street in nearly all the other towns which could think of no better way of designating their principal roadways.

There is a reason for such commonplaces in Columbia and Spartanburg and othe rtowns that have not yet grown out of their first stupidity; but in Richmond "where not a leaf but trembling teems with golden visions or romantic dreams," it is little short of criminal for us to neglect our landmarks. An ordinance by the City Council, or an order from the Court, or a resolution by the Legislature should relieve Richmond of its Main Street and Broad Street and all other misnamed or badly named highways and byways to which some honorable and historic name of distinguished actor or immortal deed in the development of our civilization might be attached.

SOUTHERN DIALECT.

The Columbia Daily Record well says:

"Of all the ridiculous, pitiable and discouraging things one sees in contemporary literature (if we may so debauch the term), surely none deserves more the qualifying savor of the adjectives we have used than the attempts of some Northern writers to reproduce what they imagine to be the dialect of Southern white people."

As samples of what the dialect of the South is represented to be in fiction, the Record quotes: "If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah, he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessa'y to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination,'" etc. Then the Record prints an excerpt from a recent "Southern" story of Robert W. Chambers, in which a "cultivated and refined Southern lady" is made to say: "Oh, Curt, Curt! if only I had the wretched consolation of sending you away to fight fo' the right, fo' God and country! There, darling, fo'give me, fo'give me! I am yo' wife first of all, Curt. And that even comes befo' country and God!" "Mother's little boy—oh, it's ve'y ha'd, ve'y ha'd!"

Such stuff as this might have been expected from its superficial author, whose aim is always quantity rather than quality, but the pity is that so many people who really do not know any better will read it and think it a masterly delineation of Southern speech. The people from other parts of the nation who come and dwell in Dixie know full well the grotesque absurdity of these attempts to write our dialect. Professional Southerners, born in Brooklyn and haunting the less select cafes of New York, talk just that way, but they are in a class by themselves.

There is nothing in the North more jarring to the ears of Southerners than the ridiculous attempts made on the stage to imitate the speech of Southern white and Southern colored people. Perhaps the latter are more grossly misrepresented. New York negroes who have never been further South than South Orange, New Jersey, undertake to pass off on the stage as real Southern colored people, and the representation which they make is very far from creditable to their black brethren in the South. If one were to judge the colored people of this part of the nation by the theatrical delineation given by those in the North, no time would be lost in coming to the conclusion that our colored folks are a pack of gibbering, cachinnating, idiotic apes. In the South we make no attempt to impart to the colored people the "cultured and correct" speech, with London accent, which Professor Barrett Wendell daintily deals out to his colored students in Harvard College, but our colored folk speak intelligently, if not always grammatically.

Happily, however, the people of the North and of the other parts of the country are realizing that the stage and novel dialect is misrepresentative of our speech. Their increasing travel in the South is teaching them better, and sometimes the novelists and writers may venture as far as Richmond to learn that we speak rationally and clearly; softly, it may be, but so that we can be understood; that if we sometimes say "you all," we never use it in the second person singular.

"NOT A CANDIDATE."

"I will not be a candidate for President in 1912." That is what the Hon. William Jennings Bryan is reported to have said at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on Friday; but it is probably a misprint. It is not stated to whom he said it, or why he said it, or how he said it. He expects the Democrats to control the next House at Washington, and, in his opinion, "who will be the next candidate for President on the Democratic ticket depends upon what the next Congress does." Suppose it should do exactly what Mr. Bryan would like it to do, does it not follow that he would be the only available candidate for President? Could he not be drafted into service, however much he might be indisposed? What we should like to have him say is: "I will not be a candidate for President in 1912, or ever again; I will not, in any circumstances, accept the nomination; I would not accept the office if I should be elected to it; I will not take any part in the next Presidential campaign, make any speeches or give any advice; I will leave the country and stay out of the country until it is all over; I am out of politics."

Mr. Bryan is reported to have been pleased with the statement of the Colonel that "the time had come for corporations to be driven from politics." But why should corporations be driven from politics? They exist by law, they have a large interest in good government, they are composed of individuals who have their money invested in productive enterprises, just as Mr Bryan has his money invested in The Commoner and in other things, and it would seem that they have as much right as he to guard their own property from despoliation as he or any private citizen. Why should those who have something not be as much entitled to a square deal as those who have nothing?

"Not be a candidate for President in 1912?" How would it do to wait until 1912? We have an abiding faith in the staying qualities of Our Candidate.

ORGANIZE AGAINST THE FEES.

Several days ago the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot said that at the recent convention of the Clerks of Courts, Senator Martin had urged upon them the necessity of organization for the accomplishment of the purposes they have in view. We are now advised that Senator Martin has never given any such counsel, and how the report originated we have not the least means of knowing. It certainly did not originate with The Times-Dispatch.

In explaining, however, that Senator Martin was misrepresented in this matter, we would say that whoever made the suggestion certainly did not underestimate the value of organization as a means to an end, and we would, therefore, urge upon the people who would destroy the fee system the necessity of meeting organization with organization. In this way only can the system which is costing the taxpayers of the State a vast sum of money every year be abolished.

FAIRS AS INSTRUCTORS.

In its latest issue the Progressive Farmer says:

"Now is the time to begin planning to attend the fairs this fall. A trip to the State Fair or to some other large fair nearer home is usually well worth the expense of time and money. If the farmer goes for education or to learn he will never fail to feel repaid, but if he goes merely for entertainment or amusement, the time and money will be largely wasted. Better amusements can be found nearer home at less expense. But the fair, properly studied, should be a source of instruction. Too frequently the managers of our Southern fairs lose sight of the educational features and go to extremes in supplying, in many cases, none too clean amusements. More of an educational feature should be made of the judging of agricultural exhibits and the live stock. A good judge may make his work highly instructive by stating his reasons for his awards. By all means arrange to go to some good fair this fall and use it as a means of obtaining more information."

For those who attend fairs, either county, city or State, there is food for thought in this advice. Perhaps too many of us, especially those of us who live in cities, are disposed to regard fairs as places of recreation and amusement and as naught else. While a reasonable attention to amusement is legitimate and perfectly right, those who go to the fairs should never lose sight of the fundamental purpose of such exhibitions.

No better agency exists than the fair for bringing the farmer into touch with progressive methods, modern machinery, new ideas by which farm life may be made more worth while and farm work made more profitable and pleasurable. What perlodicals and correspondence and bulletins cannot do, these practical demonstrations in the form of fairs can accomplish.

Would it not be wise for the people of this city, when visiting the State Fair in October, to take second thought as they pass through booths and buildings and reflect upon the progress that Virginia is making in her farm life and farm work and farm productivity? The farm is the fortress of our economic strength, and nothing that pertains to it is alien to the people of the cities.

"DIXIE" IN DULUTH.

The Duluth Herald, commenting upon the recent Heyburn incident in connection with "Dixie," says:

"And 'Dixie!' The man who can hear its rollicking strains without a thrill, who can listen to its dashing lilt without wanting to yell, is a man in whose veins circulates water and not blood. Though it became the war song of the embattled South, it is too inspiring a tune to be the South's exclusive possession. Let the North hear it and cheer it, as it hears and cheers 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Let it be a token of a reunited brotherhood, of a people too big and broad and free and generous to hold petty grudges. Let the bands play 'Dixie' as often as they may, and if churlish statesmen object, let them emigrate with their musicless souls to some distant isle where they can console each other for the annoyance caused them by the mutual affection of a reunited people."

This comes with peculiar fitness from Duluth, for it was a Southern Congressman, J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, whose celebrated speech on the glories of Duluth—"the Zenith City of the unsalted seas"—made that town famous.

"SELF-JUSTIFICATION."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"But he, willing to justify himself, said."—Luke x. 29.

Let us examine some of the excuses men make in this matter of religion, and learn why they are kept back from Christ. If they are good, pray accept them; if bad, I ask you candidly to say so. Above all, let us be truthful in this matter.

"The lawyer said—." Then comes his own particular plea, which we will pass over; it was so completely answered by Jesus Christ. Read His parable of the "Good Samaritan." Next to the prodigal son, these are the sweetest words ever spoken even by the lips of the Master. Let each man fill up the sentence for himself—"He, willing to justify himself, said——." What will you insert there? What will your excusing heart say?

"If I am sincere in my convictions, whether I believe the Bible or not, all will be well with me hereafter." Is that correct? Do you really think that? It sounds well; but are you honest? If you are sincere in giving a customer what you believe he asked for, will you be justified when you find you have poisoned the man? You believed you gave just what he asked and paid for, but it proved to be something quite different, and before sunset the man will be dead. What does sincerity go for there? If you indicate to a traveler, sincerely, and to the best of your knowledge, the road along which he should reach a certain point; if it should prove the wrong road, or if in some sudden darkness he should fall over a precipice, will your sincerity save you from self-reproach? Were you sure it was the road? "No; but I was sincere in thinking it was." Did you explain that you were speaking upon an assumption? "No, I did not think there was any need; I felt so sure." Sincerity goes a very short way in cases of that kind.

We love sincerity. Without it life is a mockery. But what are we sincere in? Have we ascertained that the object of our sincerity is real, true, and deserving of all confidence? We are responsible not only for the light we have, but for the light we might have; the light that is offered for the taking. Some man will say, "I intend to walk according to the light I have, and take the consequences." But if you go into some dark room thinking you can find your way about well enough, and I offer you a light, which you refuse, trusting to your own powers; if you should fall, or be tripped up so as to injure yourself, who will be to blame? Do we speak one word against sincerity? Certainly not. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Who are you that you should be a revelation to yourself? Look at the mistakes of your lifetime, and close your self-written Bible. There is a sincerity of ignorance, as well as a sincerity of knowledge. Merely to say "I am sincere" is to say nothing. We must inquire: what is the object of your sincerity? What the degree of its intelligence? What the degree of its conscience? That is the point.

"He, willing to justify himself, said, I have been looking around and it strikes me that I am every whit as good as other people." Would it be rude to contradict you? The case is not between man and man. We err to limit it thus. The question is between the soul and God; between the heart and what is true; between man and Christ Jesus; between right and wrong. How does the case stand when thus viewed? We injure ourselves by comparing ourselves with one another. We are to measure ourselves by the standards and balances of the sanctuary—we are to shut up ourselves with God above! Who, then, can boast?

"There is so much mystery about religion that I really cannot attempt to understand it." There is ten thousand times more mystery without it. There is the mystery of grace—yes, but there is also a mystery of sin. Life is a mystery, and all that is great touches the mysterious. Understand it? Who asked you to understand it? You make a mistake if you suppose that religion is to be understood, in the sense usually attached to the word. It must be understood by the heart, to be felt in the sorrow of the soul, to be reached by love and sympathy, but not by dry intellect.

"There are so many different denominations of Christians that I cannot tell which is right and which is wrong." Think of any one saying that! Is he really serious when he so speaks? There are many regiments, but one army; many aspects, but one life; many denominations, but one Church; many creeds, but one faith; many paths up to Calvary, but the one Cross on the top.

So all these excuses amount to nothing! Not one would hold good in any other matter. And shall any stand between us and God? If there can be no self-justification, what then? Self-renunciation. A man must be emptied of self before he is in a right condition to accept the offer made by Christ. This is the ground of coming to God—self-denial, self-renunciation, self-distrust, self-hatred on account of sin. "O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Who will accept this invitation? Some require just one more appeal. Take this, then, as the appeal you need: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

I pray God that this word may not be in vain to you to-day!

"For President—'Teddy, The Lion-Killer,' of Darkest Africa. For Vice-President—'The Star-Eyed Goddess,' of Kentucky, be gosh. Platform—A White Man is as good as a Nigger as long as he behaves hisself!" This is the ticket Henry Watterson nominates in the Louisville Courier-Journal, and it confirms our suspicion that he has been acting very queer of late. So it has come to pass, has it? that this dean of the American newspaper faculty is going into politics and has nominated hisself for Vice-President on the ticket with the Colonel. This is not the first time that goddesses have gone astray. His intentions are doubtless good, however, remembering the conduct of the lady in sacred literature who "driv'" a nail up to the hilt, so to say, in the head of another pestilent person who caused all sorts of trouble in his day and generation. Much will be forgiven the Star-Eyed One if she will repeat this performance. She might even be restored to respectability, despite her wantonness if she would.

"Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political." That was what Thomas Jefferson said in his inaugural address. "All men up and not some men down." That is what Theodore Roosevelt said to the Negro Business Men's League in New York last week. We like Jefferson's way of putting things far better.

"The doctrinaire is a fool if he thinks he can get along without the practical man," is what the Colonel told the farmers in Utica the other day. That explains, possibly, why he was on such good terms with "My dear Harriman" a few years ago. "My dear Harriman," himself a practical man, "soaked" the practical men of New York for $250,000 to help the doctrinaire in carrying out his plans.

The appearance of things would be greatly improved in Richmond if a little more lightness and brightness were thrown into the houses. With dark woodwork and dark wallpaper, many public and private places are in a confirmed state of gloom, and there is no reason why anybody in Richmond should be gloomy even if it be the fashion.

Credit should be given to J. C. Martin, of Memphis, Tennessee, for an article recently referred to on this page endorsing the salary system of paying county officers, rather than the fee system. It was reprinted from the Progressive Farmer in one of our exchanges without credit and in that form came to our notice.

Life is to be very dull in Kansas hereafter, the State Board of Health having issued an order that lemonade that is not made with lemons must be sold at fairs and church sociables under the name of "imitation lemonade."

Says the Greensboro Record: "Some of our ministerial friends, returning from their vacations, expressed surprise at what they saw in this office the other day. All of us do a good many things when the preacher is away, but do not tell them about it every time." This is interesting; but we should like to know whether it was in a bottle or a jug.

With "all the latest Parisian fashions" to be had in our own fair land, and with "patterns" for sale at all the shops, there is no reason why any able-bodied American woman should go to Europe to have her old gowns made over.

Voice of the People

Communications must not contain more than 500 words.
When this limit is exceeded letters will be returned.
No anonymous communications will be accepted.
A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

Preserve Our History.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Our beautiful city is a sort of Mecca to travelers who revere American history and wish to see places where great men performed great deeds in making that history. It is our duty and should be our pride, as it undoubtedly is our interest, to mark and preserve each landmark and make it conspicuous. It is a wonderful fact that not only do we overlook showing some of our priceless historical landmarks to strangers, but also that a large part of our own people live and die here in Richmond utterly ignorant of facts of vital importance marked by those landmarks. I have been shocked to find how very few of our own people have any definite idea of the battle of Bloody Run or even where Bloody Run is located. In all the conflicts which resulted in white settlement in America, no one event compares in importance with this final crushing defeat of the Indians in Virginia, and that great historic battle was fought in the present city of Richmond.

Now it seems to me as a private citizen, descended as are so many of our people, from a participant in that eventful contest, that we should bestir ourselves. To that end I suggest that we abolish the name Chimborazo, a name not one of us even pronounces correctly and which has to us no meaning, and rename our matchless Esplanade park Bloody Run Park.

As ours is not a mere village, but a beautiful, historic and commercially important city, why are we content with a "Main" and "Broad" Street? King Powhatan, the greatest ruler known among the aborigines had here his headquarters and tradition says, whether or not truly, that just at our present city limits John Smith's life was saved by Pocahontas. Why not rename these now great commercial thoroughfares, and call Broad Street, Powhatan Avenue, and Main, Pocahontas Avenue?

These changes would quickly take root in our minds and do much at no cost to mark events in our glorious history, which we have neglected, all but criminally. If any Northern city possessed what we do in these particulars they would erect costly monuments to mark their importance. I hope others will take up this matter and agitate in the public press these or some wiser suggestions along these lines and get results. It is an important matter and easily accomplished without cost. Why not get it done?

J. W. E.

PROPOSED TRIP MAY AGAIN BE ABANDONED

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

ALTHOUGH the projected trip of Germany's future Emperor to India, Siam, China and Japan is being freely discussed in the German and foreign press and a program has been laid out for the trip, which is to extend over a period of nine months, yet the British authorities in India intrusted with the arrangements, have received a quiet tip from Downing Street that the trip may once more be abandoned at the last moment.

It is not generally known that about this time last year all preparations had been made for this very tour, and the Crown Prince was to have taken his departure in November, but was detained at the last moment in Germany by considerations relating to the health of the Kaiser. There is an impression in court circles, both in Germany and in England, that the trip will again be abandoned, and on the same account, and there is no doubt that if it is given up, the fact will create very serious uneasiness on the subject of the Emperor's condition throughout the German Empire. That the Kaiser has not been in the best of health for a year past is notorious. He has lived a very hard life; not in the wrong sense, but by imposing an excessive strain upon his vitality and upon his physical forces. He is now feeling the effect of this, and moreover has attained what the insurance people regard as the critical period of a man's life. The slightest ailment is apt to affect him quite seriously. We saw this the other day, when the mere sting of an insect on his hand incapacitated him for two weeks from fulfilling his executive duties as a monarch, compelling him to abandon the signature of state documents and the holding of reviews, the entertaining of state visitors, etc., to the Crown Prince. The absence of the latter from Europe for nearly a year, and in parts of the world so remote as India, China and Japan, does not seem politic just at present under the circumstances.

If the Crown Prince does after all start on his trip it will be accepted by the public as an assurance that the Emperor's health is improved. If on the other hand, the trip to the Orient is again abandoned, it will be construed to mean that the Emperor's condition still gives cause for serious anxiety to his physicians, to his family and to his leading statesmen.

Lord Manvers, who is disposing of most of his family estates in Nottinghamshire in consequence of the heavy duties imposed by the Lloyd-George budget, has not in any way benefited by the recent death of his French mother; for the late Countess of Manvers bequeathed all the estates which she had inherited from her father, Gustave de Franquetot, last Duc de Coigny, to her second son, the Hon. Evelyn Pierrepont. These estates comprise, among other things, a beautiful country place in Warwickshire, known as Higham Grange, and a London house in Tilney Street, just off Park Lane.

Lord Manvers is the chief of the English branch of the house of Pierrepont, to which he, however, belongs through descent on the distaff side, the principal representative in the male line being Henry Evelyn Pierrepont, of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. The founder of the family, Sir Robert de Pierrepont, was one of the companions in arms of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and received from that monarch the manor of Holme Pierpont, in Nottinghamshire, of which he was the first lord, and which is today the principal home of the present Earl of Manvers.

The chief of the family in the seventeenth century in the male line direct was Sir George Pierrepont, of Holme Pierpont, whose grandson became Earl of Kingston-upon-Hull, Marquis of Dorchester and Duke of Kingston.

His son, Evelyn, the second Duke of Kingston, who married the famous beauty, Elizabeth Chudleigh, died without issue, the English line of Pierreponts thereby becoming extinct in the male line. He left the whole of his vast fortune to the duchess, whereupon Philip Meadows, who had married the duke's only sister, Lady Frances Pierrepont, brought charges against the duchess to the effect that her marriage had been of a bigamous character and was therefore invalid.

A sensational trial of the duchess by the House of Lords showed that prior to her marriage to the duke she had been secretly wedded to Augustus Hervey, a lieutenant of the royal navy, who had in the meanwhile become Earl of Bristol, and from whom she had never obtained a divorce. She was, therefore, convicted of bigamy by her peers, and in consequence thereof divested of the title and style of Duchess of Kingston.

This had the effect of reducing her to the status of Countess of Bristol. The penalty of bigamy in those days was death, but as Countess of Bristol she was able to plead the privilege of the peerage, and escaped all punishment beyond the payment of the fees of the trial and of certain fines. This she was well able to do, for while her conviction of bigamy cost her her strawberry leaved coronet of duchess it left her in the possession of the great fortune of the duke; while Philip Meadows, who was responsible for the suit against her, found himself completely ruined.

The ex-duchess retired to the Continent, and having during her extraordinary career played a role in the lives of Frederick the Great of Prussia, of Voltaire and of other great personages of her time, died at the Chateau of St. Assise, near Fontainebleau, when it was found that, perhaps by reason of compunction, she had left the fortune which she had inherited from the duke to one of the latter's nephews, Charles Meadows, that is to say, the son of the man who had robbed her of her title of duchess and whom she had ruined.

On coming into the possession of all the property of his mother's brother, the last Duke of Kingston, at the death of the ex-Duchess, Charles Meadows, whose ancestor was Sir Philip Meadows, marshal of the palace of Charles I., and his ambassador to Denmark and Sweden, assumed by permission of the crown the patronymic and arms of the Pierrepont family and was eventually raised to the peerage, first as Baron Pierrepont of Holme Pierpont, afterwards being made Viscount Newark-on-Trent and Earl Manvers.

The present Lord Manvers is the fourth earl of the line in direct male succession.

Sir George Pierrepont, grandfather of the first Duke of Kingston, had a younger son of the name of William, whose son, James Pierrepont, came to America, and died at Ipswich, Mass., towards the end of the seventeenth century, leaving two sons, John and Robert. From these the late Juliet Pierpont, the mother of J. Pierpont Morgan and Henry Evelyn Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, are descended. But while the Pierreponts of America may justly claim to represent the only male line of the ancient and historic Anglo-Norman house of Pierrepont, which hailed originally from the Castle of Pierrepont, on the borders of Picardy, the ruins of which still exist, they can put forward no pretensions to any of the honors and estates of Evelyn Pierrepont, the last Duke of Kingston, since the various peerages which he possessed were acquired by his father considerably after the other branch of his family had emigrated to America.

Every one who has visited or read about Holland Park, the historic home of Lord and Lady Ilchester in the suburbs of London, will be relieved to learn that a compromise has been effected whereby its preservation as a park, that is to say, as a beautiful green oasis in the centre of a perfect Sahara desert of brick houses, has been arranged. Lord Ilchester had announced his intention of cutting down his trees in Holland Park and of breaking it up into building lots, owing to the fact that its preservation in its present condition would involve his payment of additional taxes to the tune of over $100,000 a year. He has now come to an understanding with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd-George, whereby he undertakes to admit the public to certain portions of the park on two days of each week in return for which he is relieved of the payment of the $100,000 supertax, under the clause which exempts from duty parks, gardens or open spaces, where reasonable access is enjoyed by the public.

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